



Puck stopper



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Chapter 1 by Dominic Klein

The scoreboard showed 1-0 home team was winning, The away team raced across the rink... and takes the shot. it was a very hard shot, going so fast even the players don't know where the puck is, but the goalie does. the goalie easily adjusts to the shot, so , he stretches far and wide. it seems almost perfect.

AND GOES RIGHT INTO HIS GLOVE!! the other two goalies are ASTONISHED.

Aeeeerrrrnnnnnttt!!!!!!! the time was up , and home team wins. The two sweaty teams line up to shake hands.

“good game Meul” they all repeated. Meul rolled back to the bench where he took off his gear.

“well done , Meul, you blocked ALL FIVE SHOTS.” Meul always enjoy praise, especially from his dad. Yeah, feels good to actually be GOOD at something. thought Meul.

One session went by and something was born, THE RAPTORS, a team made by the best of the best on the Midwest hockey rink. Meul himself was... kinda’ jealous for he was not picked at the same time of the rest of the team, but when he saw the coach of the raptors talking to HIS dad, Meul immediately knew that he was on the team.

Meul was COMPLETELY fine with his roster, except for one kid, Branden, a snotty, punk, preteen with a MASSIVE attitude. He was a fairly good player, just not with good sportsmanship on the second game of the season it was 3-6, third period, 13:56 left on the clock the away team was destroying us. they were faster, bigger, and stronger. the away team raced to our end of the rink, defense did all they could, but now it laid in the hands of the goalie. “TO THE RIGHT” yelled one of my teammates, but it was too late.

TO THE RIGHT, TO THE RIGHT, TO THE RIGHT

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"What's your problem!! half those goals wouldn't have gone in if you were better defense!!" i snapped back.

"I've been playing longer than YOU!" Branden replied mockingly.

"AT LEAST I HAVE..." Meul was cut of by the whistle. away won the face off and had the puck, the paced to a tall player who took a HARD shot on Meuls helmet.

"OW CRAP!!" yelled meul in pain.

" Wakey wakey, meul!" said Branden mockingly, he took a poke at a vulnerable spot NOT guarded by pads.

"OW,HEY" Meul screamed in pain. Meul took a swing at the thigh of Branden.

"Boys, knock it off!!!" yelled coach. Branden shot me a look that said "I'll get you back".

TWEEEEEEETTTT. the puck dropped,now, the away team was WAY bigger than ours, in size and numbers, so they easily won the face-off. Meul looked up at the scoreboard, 0:16, it read. Meul looked back at the game to see a tall, strong skater heading STRAIGHT FOR HIM, 12, he takes a hard shot to the top, 11, the shot misses ,10, defense has the puck, 9, they steal the puck from our defense, 8, winds up to shoot, 7, the shot was fairly strong and was going at a STRONG, FAST speed, 6, its tord Meuls glove, 5, Meul reaches out to the top corner of the net, 4, I got this! thinks Meul, 3,Meul's SO close to the puck and he knows it, 2, but when Meul looks at the position of his glove, no , that's not right. thinks Meul, 1, he tries to adjust but it was to late, 0. Aeeeerrrrnnnnntttt!!!!!!!

"GOAL!!!!!!" cheered the excited away team.

"NOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Meul yelled in frustration. CRAP i was so close!!!! meul thinks to himself furiously. Meul looks up at the final score, 3-8 it read, a HORRIBLE lose. Meuls thoughts were interrupted by Branden normal obnoxious voice.

"You suck at being goalie". I hate you.. Meul thinks to himself.

"Says the person who got a penalty in a league that doesn't even have them!!" I replied.

"WELL... I... AUGH!!!!" he screams in frustration. Branden skates away only to collide with one of our teammates. now he's probably MORE mad. Meul thinks to himself with a snort.

That night Meul thought A LOT about the previous 7 or 8 games he'd played, the first one was a havride and on heliavable lose they were somewhat smaller than us but only by a little but

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“So what do you want for your birth-day, Meul?” asked Meuls Stepmom.

“Well i wanted actual goalie skates for a while now, so can i get them?”asked Meul.

“well alright we’ll go to Johnny Mac’s, they have a pair that are about your size” replied Meuls dad.

“Do they fit?” asked Meuls dad.

“Of COURSE THEY DO!” Meul said with excitement.

In the car Meuls dad was looking over them.

“36 dollars well spent!”says Meuls dad.

“Yeah” agrees Meul.

When Meul was getting ready to go out to go out in the rink a voice behind him said, “GO FASTER,MEUL” so he went faster, when he went out to the rink he looked over his shoulder to see Branden. AUGH. Meul thought to himself.

the puck drops, Meuls team was the colored jerseys, and the home was white, for once Meul was away team. The white team won the face-off, Meul noticed that a hard shooter was coming toward him.

He winds up to shot, and sees the position of the shooter's stick and immediately noticed it was going to the top right corner of the net. Meul reacts fast and reaches out with his blocker to stop the shot but what Meul didn't know was that Branden was already there, Meul at least stops the shot but in the process he knocks over Branden onto his back.

Owww. Thinks Meul with sympathy, so Meul takes off his trapper and reaches out to help Branden and , for once, Branden says thank you with a smile.

THE END

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